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MEMBER KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1934

AN EDITOR'S RANDOM THOUGHTS

Thoughts while journeying: Nothing so soothingly mellow as the sunlight of cool days in late August. There is a wine-like quality in its amber hues. This morning as we start leisurely for Lexington on a brief trip in twenty-six years to what two of my forebears, who have left writings, always referred to as the Old Dominion. . . Morehead, ringed about with its purple hills. I remember my first visit to a sizeable little village, reached by the C. & O. or else by mule, as I remember, unless the weather were dry. Now there are concrete streets in Morehead and blue lights where the Midland Trail sweeps through in its journey to the Coast. And on the hill stands a magnificent modern building, a great Normal School. Time works its wonders even with little villages, if they lie in the path of travel. . . On into the steeper hills of Carter and stop for roadside lunch under a spreading elm, alongside a rocky branch where shouts of minnows flash. And ever the video swish of passing motor cars where once a sure-footed mule plodded over trails following rocky creek beds flanked with the glory of the waxen rhododendron. . . On in the waning sunlight of afternoon to Ashland, strung along the pavements and merging into Catlettsburg and almost into Huntington. Thirty years ago I spent a night in the straggling village that was Ashland —and how that lazy infidel, Mark Twain, enjoyed those times and Ashland may yet realize her boasted destiny as the 'Louisville of Eastern Kentucky' . . . Over roads wide and perfect and then strangely narrow and old-fashioned to Charleston and past the mansions of lords of dismed capitol and so along the meanders of the lovely Kanawha until nightfall, when we find an excellent hostelry at Gauley's Bridge in a valley that seems to be the climb into the Alleghanies begins. . . So to sleep and ever the roar of truck and bus, ever the swish of speeding motor cars, until the cries of the night-fiddling insects come but fitfully in the brief respites of silence. . . And these are times of economic stress, yet the highways swarm with human ants, hurrying, hurrying, caught by the restless spirit of the age. Many by the times are not so out of joint as I have been thinking, else are we Americans incorrigible travelers, enjoying hither and yon on passes all the time. The which I am doing most certainly, so that I reach nervously for my nearest billfold to be sure that it is there when the occasion may require. But, being started, still there more than is necessary. But, being started, go to the Old Dominion I will, if it means 'thumbing my way home. The leafy, woodsy smell of the mountains drifts through the window on the night breeze. For a moment the highway is silent and a little brown owl croons his quavering song as sleep comes. . . .

To breakfast well and away, climbing up into the ranges until we come to the magnificent gorge of the New River, as lovely a mountain view as ever I saw and no less grand than many vaunted scenic spots in the Rockies. Thence over fine roads that climb in sweeping curves to the old White Sulphur Springs, now a millionaire's playground, with polo field and golf links and all the appurtenances necessary to pleasure and idleness. Thence over the gorge of Jackson River. And so onward, and I of my meagre means, in which concsousness I am joined by the males in our party, who I pick contentedly while my wife and daughter and she-cousin inspect the hotel and find "New York shops" or perhaps 'shoppes,' to their delight. Presently on to Lewisburg, where the young Washington camped as a surveyor and shortly into Old Virginia, to Covington for lunch and along the highway to Lexington, which we reach in the late afternoon. . . .

Thirty years ago, when the rare-free days of college lay before me, I came to Lexington, slumbering in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. . . I accompanied a college ball team and we slept in the old barracks, in the class-room, we were told, where Stonewall Jackson taught Memories come to me of a grizzled darky Jefferson Davis, clad in Confederate uniform, his breast covered with reunion medals, who led us to his cemetery where Jackson is buried. He was General Jackson's body-servant he said. Since then we have learned that old Jeff had told this story so often that he finally came to believe it. 'Gen'al Jackson was the peaceiest man I ever saw.' I remember Jeff told us. We imagine those who met his command on the field of battle were willing to admit that he was the "fightin-est man," also, that they ever met. . . Soon to the home of friends for a brief visit and from the lawn a magnificent view of the ranges of the Alleghanies to the west and the empurpled Blue Ridge to the east, giant protecting arms, cradling the fertile Valley of Virginia. And standing there lines of a Southern poet, "Virginians of the Valley," by Hayne. I think, come to me. Lines, which to one who heard much in childhood of the value of the "thin, grey line" and of the Lost Cause, have always brought a thrill:

The Knightliest of a knightly race, that rarely
having ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood 'round the land, with
Raleigh round the seas.
Who climbed the blue Virginian hills against the
embattled foe,
And planted there in valleys fair the lily and
the rose:
We thought they slept—the sons who kept the
names of noble sires—
And slumbered while the darkness crept around
their vigil fires.
But, to the Golden Horeshoe Knights their Old
Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground, but not
a knight asleep!

. . .

Soon to drive with friends to picnic at Goshen Pass, alongside the tumbling waters of a swift-flowing river. On every hand bushes of the great laurel, which in bloom must make this mountain pass a veritable bower of loveliness. Here is a monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury, called the "Pathfinder of the Seas." He taught at the Virginia Military Institute and requested that his remains be borne through Goshen Pass, on the way to their last resting place at Richmond, "when the Rhode-trees(?) are in bloom." Typical, somehow, this request of a Virginian of the Valley, typical of that spirit, evident throughout this region, of conserving natural beauty, of protecting historic shrines, of cherishing old homes. Lexington was a frontier town in Colonial days and a royal Governor encouraged the settlement of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock from Pennsylvania. Here their descendants have mingled their blood with the descendants of Tidewater Virginians, who came later, as the frontier rolled back west of the Blue Ridge and Boone pushed on beyond the ranges to the fertile cane lands of Kentucky. Somehow I have always felt at home in Lexington, Virginia, in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, as I feel at home in our Lexington, heart of the Bluegrass and I pleased to be have my son say: "Somehow I feel like this is home." Would that my slender means might be stretched to allow a schooling at that old university, over which, it seems to me, broods the spirit of its most famous President, the gentle and gallant Robert E. Lee. Maybe I do many things for wishing that only wealth may buy. . . .

Up after a pleasant night at Lexington and off for Staunton and Charlottsville, where we view the University of Virginia, which seems strangely grown and seemingly entrenched upon by the town, after thirty years. And much taken by the serpentine brick wall, designed by Thomas Jefferson. The Jefferson lawns, so lovely as designed to make easier the homeward journey of students, after an evening in the village entertainment. 1904, I saw evidences to warrant the truth of that legend. For in those days the "Hoffer" tootered, singing

Come ye merry drinking people,
Come and join our midnight revels.

And the old Rotunda we'll make it resound. Hoburn, Though the old may view with derision the tendency of modern youth to go to the dormitory lawns, we believe that the old Rotunda is quieter and that there are less high jinks at Charlottesville than went on there thirty years ago. . . .

To drive the winding trail to Monticello, built by Jefferson for his young bride. One must see Monticello, for no prose may adequately describe the glamour. It is a veritable architectural poem that only a poet may put into words. The view from the lawn is a lovely thing. Three miles away lies the town and the University over the building of which Jefferson watched like a benign god of the waxen rhododendron. . . Lunch on the waning sunlight of afternoon to Ashland, strung along the pavements and merging into Catlettsburg and almost into Huntington. Thirty years ago I spent a night in the straggling village that was Ashland —and how that lazy infidel, Mark Twain, enjoyed those times and Ashland may yet realize her boasted destiny as the 'Louisville of Eastern Kentucky' . . . Over roads wide and perfect and then strangely narrow and old-fashioned to Charleston and past the mansions of lords of domed capitol and so along the meanders of the lovely Kanawha until nightfall, when we find an excellent hostelry at Gauley's Bridge in a valley that seems to be the climb into the Alleghanies begins. . . So to sleep and ever the roar of truck and bus, ever the swish of speeding motor cars, until the cries of the night-fiddling insects come but fitfully in the brief respites of silence. . . And these are times of economic stress, yet the highways swarm with human ants, hurrying, hurrying, caught by the restless spirit of the age. Many by the times are not so out of joint as I have been thinking, else are we Americans incorrigible travelers, enjoying hither and yon on passes all the time. The which I am doing most certainly, so that I reach nervously for my nearest billfold to be sure that it is there when the occasion may require. But, being started, still there more than is necessary. But, being started, go to the Old Dominion I will, if it means 'thumbing my way home. The leafy, woodsy smell of the mountains drifts through the window on the night breeze. For a moment the highway is silent and a little brown owl croons his quavering song as sleep comes. . . .

Hurrying on through the late afternoon to Richmond and supper and the luxury of good beds and in the morning to see our Capitol, designed by Jefferson, built to pass St. John's church, in which Patrick Henry shouted his preference for liberty or death, and on down the broad highway, straight as an arrow through the pinewoods into Tidewater Virginia. . . So many things to see, so much of sentimental and historic interest that flash through memory two weeks later like the flickering pictures on a silver sheet. . . The wonderful marking of historic spots with steel roadside markers—scenes of battle, of famous old homes—"here LaFayette camped," "here Tarleton's raid" under which a dismaster Tarleton pitched his camp on his raid to Charlottesville, when Jack Jouett, whose descendants now live in Kentucky, outrode Paul Revere on a wild ride to warn Governor Jefferson and his Legislature. . . Hundreds of these markers with a bronze medallion at every chamber of commerce. . . Williamsburg, being restored by the younger Rockefeller. . . Jamestown, the Rockefeller building completed by Bruton Parish Church, oldest Episcopal church in America. Names of notables on the new plaque in chancel, bearing birth date of Washington. . . Bikers canopy over the Governor's pew. Graves in the churchyard, bearing birth dates in 1607. . . William and Mary College, founded in 1693, with a building designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Quaintly beautiful old homes, surrounded by beautiful lawns. A Piggly Wiggly, under the Rockefeller restoration, looking like an old shop, and Elizabeth City, Jamestown Island, settled 1607 and the first permanent settlement in America. The original fort of the old church at Jamestown. Bastions of the first rude fort remain. Beautiful the waters of the James that lave this little island. Peaceful the waters of the first wintry, rude shelters, starvation, Rolfe and Pocahontas. Powhatan and John Smith. How these names are given meaning as one walks over turf their feet once trod. . . Yorktown and the blue sweep of the York River. By young daughter the blue sweep of the York River. By young daughter Elia her sketch to the gunwales with shells, wild over the abundance of white sand. . . The Nelson House, headquarters of Cornwallis, with a cannon ball in one of its Dutch brick walls. . . Acquaintances from Lexington, Ky., entering the Nelson House and we talk of home. . . magnificent Yorktown monument, overlooking the river. . . A feeling that one is living over Colonial Colonial Days as we drive down the Peninsula to Hampton, the Indian village of Kecoughtan in 1607, renamed for the Earl of Southampton in 1680. . . Newport News, Old Point Comfort and the sparkling bay. . . The hunger for the sea that I feel each spring takes satisfaction as we drive over the blue waters to Willoughby Spit. . . Past Ocean View and through sandy countryside to Virginia Beach. . . Searching for friends from Kentucky and finding them, well after dark. . . The sea wind and ominous under a gibbous moon. . . A seat at a beach-front restaurant and my daughter demands a beef-steak, at 45 cents a portion. . . Pleasant chitchat and bed in a cottage among the pines, as lullaby the distant murmur of the sea. . . Sparkling sunlight on an emerald sea and the wind strong from the ocean, piling up the surf. . . Distant glimpses of grim, grey towers of the fortress, as we drive over the curving rim of the bluffs. . . My wife, poor wretch, enjoying the distant glimpse of the sea, her first dip in the surf, excited and happy as a child. Having regard for my lumbago and the chill wind, I am satisfied with the sand. . . The "board walk" of a quarter of a century ago has disappeared. . . Only tanned females on bicycles. . . And you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two. . . To bill in the sands and watch white sails against an azure sky. And that takes money. And many folk must have it, for many are biking and hiking along the highways and spending wind-swept, sunout village I knew in 1906. Swank and plenty of it. . . A last lingering look at magnificent curve of sea and white surf. When shall I see it again? . . .

Norfolk and the Newport News Ferry. Almost like taking an ocean voyage, with the grim, grey fleet at another in Hampton Roads, bastioning the entrance. . . My first sight of an airplane carrier. Planes mooning overhead. Power boats pointing their noses sykward and leaving boiling white wakes. I should love to live near the sea. . . .

Backtracking on the trail and an hour before sundown down a country lane, tree-lined, until we come suddenly to the wide expanse of the James and Westover, site of a settlement in 1619, scene if an Indian massacre in 1622, purchased by Theodoric Bland in 1660 and passing to William Byrd, whose son, Colonel William Byrd, built the present house about 1726. . . Two hundred years has being in a home is embarrassing unknown in newly settled lands. I do not remember to have seen a more beautiful place with its lovely gardens, its ancient trees and boxwood and surrounding wall of pink brick. And in front the lovely sweep of the James. Sailing vessels brought the brick from England. Slaves made the brick, no doubt, the roses. Surely Colonel Byrd builded beautifully and well and personally I should scatter own wealth among our forefathers rear continents at the Poles. We left it with regret, as the sun sank behind the trees. Here for someone, survey, is to be found peace in the happiness that beautiful surroundings bring. . . .

Richmond for the night. Richmond again, where we view the Lee Memorial Chapel and the recumbent statue of General Lee. Then through the Goshen Pass to Warm Springs and the free Homestead at Hot Springs. . . Dinner coats and evening gowns, golf links and landing fields. And wonder the Depression terrible? . . .

Late to Lexington and the General Lee's Hotel. A log fire crackles on the hearth. A young horsehair sofa in the bedroom, old furniture in the dining room, utilitarian in the Washington manner in the halls, a farm bell mounted on an ox-yoke in the yard, an old carriage on the lawn, strong, simple, a fine breakfast with hot biscuits and buckwheat cakes on the Midland Trail to Morehead and on the evening of a fine day we come to Flemingsburg home. And tired I muse of the mountains and the lovely valleys which I have crashed on over the Blueridge, over the Alleghanies and the Cumberlands into a new land, a wooded pasture velvet carpeted And there will be vines on the weathered grey of old stone walls. And there will be the familiar rolling landscape of this Plateau of Kentucky, the familiar trees, the familiar birds, the familiar walnuts and hackberries, the lush and the elms and sugar trees, the wild cherry and the buckeye; and there will be the smell of late summer merging into early autumn brooding over it. And I shall see the sun-dappled Ohio and hear more lovely region, but doubtless God never did." And I shall mean it. . . .

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Thursday, September 19, 1884

Dr. G. W. Adair, Carlisle dentist, opens branch office in Paris.

Emerald Dancing Club to give hop at St. Cloud hotel Friday night.

Fall term of circuit court convenes with Judge A. E. Cole presiding.

Mrs. Nannie Martin sells her farm of 75 acres near Millersburg to John D. Linville for $78.15 per acre.

Dr. Anderson returned as pastor of Carlisle Methodist church at conference at Winchester last week.

William Wiley, Carlisle painter, and Harry Glenn, brakeman, injured when caboose on freight train jumps track near Myers Station.

Master Commissioner P. T. Thorp sells James Thompson farm of 200 acres near Sharpsburg to Capt. S. O. Rogers for $55.31 per acre.

County levy for year fixed at $1.15 on $100 worth of property, divided as follows: Turnpike, 90 cents; General fund, 25 cents.

Married—Miss Lou Houston, of Carlisle county and Mr. Oliver Ogden, of Bald Hill, on the 2nd., Miss Rebecca Conners and Mr. W. E. Browning, both of the county, on the 9th.

Cleveland and Hendricks Club organized here with following officers: Thomas Owens, president; G. B. Thomas, secretary; N. H. McNew, Thomas Bammons, Charles Dennell, Hayes Bammons and James Weir and Fitzman Henry, executive committee.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Frost, of the county, on the 11th., a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Abe Sears, of the county, on the 16th., a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mattox, of the county, on the 7th., a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dudley, of the county, on the 16th., a son.—To Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clark, of Cassidy Creek, on the 14th., a daughter.—To Mr. and Mrs. Pulton Craycraft, of Weston, on the 14th., a daughter.

CLIPPED FROM OTHER EDITORIAL PAGES

THE GREAT DECISION

(Lancaster Central Record)

The time of year has arrived when many young people have to make the important decision as to determine what their future will be by deciding whether they will continue their education.

Every boy and girl can be completed in several of public schools until they become sixteen years of age. After that it depends upon the boy or the girl, as the case may be, whether they want their own conclusions about whether they will improve their advantages in order to reap the reward of education in mature years, or earmark to the alternative of "ready money" in the form of a position which offers little or no opportunity for advancement.

Many boys and girls, when they reach the pint in life where they must choose between a job and education, do not take into consideration that a man from his neck up can be worth at much as $100,000 or more a year, but that from his neck down his average work is scarcely $2 a day.

The boy or girl who drops out of school before even completing the high school course, and finds himself confronted with lack of interest in school work, because of no desire for an education due to the failure to give the matter sufficient thought, or because of the urgent need of money to support themselves or their families.

No boy or girl in this land should be denied a complete high school education. If financial reasons threaten, some organization interested in education should be interested so that an effort may be made to meet the situation. It is not right, with a free public school system such as we have that any young person should be compelled to leave school against his or her wishes.

Boys and girls who are determined to have an education generally find a way regardless of obstacles. It is most always those who lack interest who drop out of school at the first opportunity and the lack of interest is due to the fact that the boy or girl has not been sufficiently impressed with the need of higher education.

It is true that men, and women too, have achieved success in spite of meagre education, but why start a race with a serious handicap? With at least a high school education, young people go farther and faster. Even those who college graduates finds the way even less difficult and the race more the rather. The element of chance can be removed entirely by remaining in school, no matter what the handicaps are.

"THE CORN TOP'S RIPE"

(Elizabethtown News)

In "My Old Kentucky Home," that wonderful old song, there is a line which is very appropriate to the early days of September, "the corn top's ripe." There never was a time when corn was not confined to the river bottoms and the rich soil, but is found on the most hillside as well. There is more corn growing than ever before in Kentucky. The corn crop is about a few weeks and it will be cut and in the shock. Never was corn shocks so scarce and these cool September morns the world is greener in Kentucky than ever before at this season of the year. Nature has been prodigal and God has been good to our people. There will be no destitution, no one will go hungry, no one will go cold. Prices for corn have been good, the demand for hogs there will be money rolling into the pockets of the farmers. For the first time in a decade the revenue will exceed the expense of taking care of the farm, paying the taxes and insurance. The poor farmer will have something left for a change, to buy some comforts. There is a watermelon for every foot of space in the watermelon patch. Wagon load after wagon load of them are brought into Mount Sterling daily. The melons never never never never sold so cheap, but they are in great plenty. God is good and the corn top's ripe in old Kentucky.

WHO HAS AN OLDER ONE?

(Louisville Times)

The Biblical writer relating that there who saw the wind shall reap the whirlwind is dull and stupid. The Louisville Times Commonwealth News says nothing further from an item in this paper reprinted under the caption Mills Point to Big Sandy column. It begins:

Who has an older newspaper than that brought to the Tompkinsville News office by Mrs. Harold Thomas of Louisville Times Press of the issue of October 21, 1863.

Of course, the editor of The News may be professionally interested in the study of copies of old newspapers. If so he has taken a device that should insure him plenty of research material. If not, he is likely to get the material, anyway. The experiment of many newspapers is that quite a large number of readers have preferred to read old newspapers tucked away among their memorabilia.

The experience of many newspapers is, further, that it requires a delicate touch to reproduce, sometimes no apparent provocation—to have a fair number of such copies out of the attics of the community into newspaper offices.

The effect of a direct invitation seems more to be drastic. The probability is that it will bring out of hiding not merely copies of newspapers dated October 21, 1863, but at least a sprinkling of others of later vintage. Not all such are possessing, in the opinions of the owners, considerable antiquarian value—especially now that the subject of old newspapers has been broached.

When a copy of an old newspaper is found by a newspaper office, owner expects it to be examined with a show of avid appreciation and disappointed, even offended, otherwise. Sometimes he insists on leaving for further and leisurely scrutiny. And sometimes it is misplaced and lost—with ensuing accusations and recriminations.

The whole subject is painful, but the news from Tompkinsville is awaited with a sort of morbid and fascinated interest.

IT IS NOT DEAD YET

(Woodford Sun)

Fiorello La Guardia, mayor of New York, in a labor day address at the World's Fair at Chicago, said that the presidential campaign of 1934 may be the last contest between the Democratic and Republican parties, as they now exist.

As to the Republican party, I cannot say. The property of Washington Hamilton is now in its third reincarnation, and what further disposition is to be made of it, we may undergo I am unwilling to predict.

But I am quite attending futures of the Democratic party and seeing over the remains. It is a very lively corpse. My party reminds me of Mordecai Hubbard's dog. "She went to the joiners to be a coffin.

And when she came back, the poor dog was buried in it."

The Democratic party has undergone the identical fate of the Republican party in the early days of the nation. But it is quite alive. Very much so. It has often been wounded in the house of its friends. Political fallacies have at times temporarily changed its doctrines. But it remains, in its basic principles, the only system under which our government can be administered.

Figures furnished by the Federal Department of Labor indicate that American workers have lost 15,000,000 work days and 550,000,000 in wages through strikes and lockouts so far this year. The cost to the nation, directly and indirectly, is probably ten times this amount. It would be interesting to learn to what extent professional trouble-makers are responsible for these losses. There is abundant evidence that radical leaders and avowed Communists have been back of much of the labor trouble. This is a free country. It is true, but there is such a thing as carrying liberty too far. It is time to crack down on the gilded agitators who are busy all the time preaching the overthrow of society and the government. Every now and then someone comes along with an idea of this nature, though it is sometimes difficult to discern the interior motives back of his argument. The thing for any citizen to do when talk that sounds radical is to turn a deaf ear—and do his own thinking.

The average American eats his weight in meat every year.

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NAME.....
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TOWN AND STATE.....

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

David Webb, 8, died at his home in Lexington Friday from infantile paralysis.

54 boys were paroled from the Kentucky House of Reform at Greenville Monday.

In a special election held last week, Mercer county voted dry by a majority of 2,669 to 795.

The new $780000 federal building in Lexington is completed and will be dedicated about October 1.

Kentucky will share in the $5,000,000 allotment made at Washington Monday for soil erosion projects.

Judge J. B. Layman, of Elizabethtown, State Housing Director for Kentucky, is said to be preparing to resign.

Dr. Charles Welch has denied a report that he will resign as chairman of the Kentucky relief commission.

Sawing bars out of a downstairs window, three prisoners escaped from the Lawrence county jail at Louisa Friday night.

The body of a one-day old boy buried, found in a creek, found in the weeds under a bridge in Shawnee Park at Louisville Sunday.

Mac Swinford, U. S. district attorney, has received notice to move his office from Frankfort to Lexington, effective November 1.

Richard Bozeman, 29, of Lexington, was killed when a truck struck Richmond Sunday when his automobile went over an embankment.

The seventh member of the family of Cash Aldridge, of Paducah, was admitted to the hospital at Paris suffering with typhoid.

Mrs. Minnie Heflin has been appointed postmaster at Ewing to succeed J. H. Thompson, who has held the office for about 12 years.

119 prisoners were released from the Frankfort reformatory Monday on parole granted by the state department of public welfare board.

George Newell, 17, of Maysville, was jailed Monday on a charge of shagging and robbing Jesse Chalin, 18, at Maysville Saturday night.

A group of 2,000 residents of Eastern Kentucky citizens visited the Century of Progress last week, the trip being made on special trains.

Thomas Arnlin was shot and seriously wounded at Mickleasville Sunday night by night policeman Ray Sharpe when Arnlin resisted arrest.

Zach Cheek, 25, and Curtis Lamb, 21, were given 21 years in prison each in the Garrard circuit court on a charge of beating an aged woman to death in her home in August, 1933.

Estill Mulkey, 20, of Connersville, Harrison county, sustained a broken leg and arm when the motorcycle he was riding crashed into a school bus.

John Tucker, 35, of Lincoln county, was fatally injured Sunday night when he was struck by an automobile driven by William Cormney of Lancaster.

Raymond Fields, 28, was shot and killed in front of Lee's restaurant, in Morganstown Sunday by Columbus Johnson, 18, who refused to discuss the shooting.

More than 500 applications for positions in the new state police department have been received by Governor Laffoon and Adjutant General Sandefur.

Christopher Noland, 13 years old, was accidentally shot and seriously wounded by Robert Smiley, 15, while the latter was hunting doves in Madison county Friday.

Jesse B. Perry, 19, of Waddy, was killed and four members of his family were injured near Greenburg Saturday when their automobile was struck by a truck.

An unidentified youth, about 20 years old, was killed at the Richmond railroad station last Wednesday night when he attempted to board a freight train.

Jack Hurley and his wife, of Henderson, were arrested last week on charges of violating the anti-lynching, Union county, in which $400 in cash was obtained.

6,031 service establishments, places of amusements and hotels in Kentucky in 1933 reported total receipts of $18,471,000, the census of America business disclosed.

Attorney General Wootton said Friday that state revenue agents will receive more than the constitutional limit of $5,000 per year. The excess over $5,000 in commission basis, are said to have drawn from $15,000 to $40,000 per year.

Incensed because his father allegedly was neglecting his mother to pay attention to a young woman, Lloyd Warman, 20 years old, Saturday called Miss Della Hood, 23, from her home at Whitley City and shot her to death in the presence of his father, Henry Warman, 55. The youth then surrendered.

More than 140 freshmen registered at the opening of the 116th annual session of Centre College Monday.

Three ministers are on the jury panel for the term of circuit court which convenes Monday.

Lee Garrison, 40, was arrested at Scottsville Saturday on a charge of arson after he is alleged to have set fire to the home of his father-in-law.

Charles Sagmer, 53, farmer residing near Jacksonville, Bourbon county, was killed late last Wednesday when his automobile left the road and overturned on the Redmon pike.

Jailer Paddy Ryan prevented a disturbance between the Democratic and Republican parties, as they now exist.

As to the Republican party, I cannot say. The property of Washington Hamilton is now in its third reincarnation, and what further disposition is to be made of it, we may undergo I am unwilling to predict.

But I am quite attending futures of the Democratic party and seeing over the remains. It is a very lively corpse. My party reminds me of Mordecai Hubbard's dog. "She went to the joiners to be a coffin.

And when she came back, the poor dog was buried in it."

The Democratic party has undergone the identical fate of the Republican party in the early days of the nation. But it is quite alive. Very much so. It has often been wounded in the house of its friends. Political fallacies have at times temporarily changed its doctrines. But it remains, in its basic principles, the only system under which our government can be administered.

Stanley F. Reed, executor, sold at public auction Thursday the farm of the late William L. Holton on Turkey Ridge, Mason county, to James M. Finch, at $62 an acre. The farm contained 236.13 acres.

Ed Gordon and Morris Love, 21-year-old seniors in the Danville high school, were held to the grand jury Monday on charges of housebreaking in connection with the alleged theft of books from the high school building.

Thomas S Yates, former Commonwealth's Attorney and former Republican state chairman, shot and seriously wounded Owen Fitzgerald, 28, in the court house at Grayson Monday Thursday. Yates said Fitzgerald attacked him following a trial.

Art McGinnis, one time celimate pitcher of Abdul Dillinger, admitted at Chicago, where he is held on federal charges, that he was one of four bandits who held up a bank at Henderson July 26 in which $34,000 was taken.

Thomas W. Hooker, 22, of Bowling Green, was kidnaped from his home by armed men who forced him into the back seat of a taxicab he was driving and then had him beaten and robbed at Hopkinsville. The cabbie was stolen.

Miss Fannie C. Rawson, 67, for 20 years secretary of the Kentucky library commission and a member of the commission, was killed at Louisville Saturday when her automobile left the road and collided with two other women crashed into a tree.

Strooling over an automobile as he was in which the car he was driving struck another automobile, Donald Brown, 17, of Lexington, shot himself in the right leg with a revolver at his home Friday night, but may recover.

A college career which extended over a period of forty years was ended for Claiborne Wooton, of Hamburg, when he received an A. B. degree from Union College at Jacksonville last week. Wooton, who is 60 per cent of all remodeling loans made in the Commonwealth, is absolutely safeguards the bank, as stations show that the usual loss percentage for installment loans is less than 5 per cent. For one loan company dealing to build can barrow up to 80 per cent of the value of land and improvements to $10,000.

Taxing at the belief among business men and economists that revival of the public buying power can do much to increase prosperity and employment, those who are in position to offer opportunities for obtaining government credit under the PWA can have the satisfaction of feeling that they are helping to improve the economic situation in this country as a whole. In the belief of many Washingtonians this Act is the most complete single step that the administration has taken to further recovery. The public hardly realizes what it means.

Paul Moore, 26, of Franklin county, who was pardoned by Governor Laffoon in June after serving nine months of a sentence for robbing a Louisville Kentucky Lottery drawing in connection with the murder of a negro taxicab driver, whose body was found on a road near Frankfort Wednesday night.

Barkley Raps Hoover In Address At Omaha

Senator Alben W. Barkley, in an address at Omaha, Neb., last Thursday hurled a challenge at former President Herbert Hoover to "tell us what liberties we have lost and what property rights we have impaired" under the Roosevelt administration. The challenge was in response to a recent statement of the former President.

"To say that the program of rehabilitation under President Roosevelt is an attack upon liberty or the right to own property is so ignorant and so fatuous as to be unworthy of serious consideration," he asserted in a speech before the Nebraska Democratic convention.

Senator Barkley referred to Mr. Hoover's recent statement that the "forces behind the New Deal are that man is but the pawn of state."

After pointing out that the home was the foundation of the American nation, Senator Barkley continued:

"We have done more under the Roosevelt program to preserve the American home than was ever done before in his administration.

"We have not imposed upon any group of our citizens an authority or restriction that that group did not voluntarily seek to have imposed upon it, with the possible exception of the stock market."

State Debt Insignificant Nat B. Sewell Says

Reporting to Governor Laffoon upon an audit of the accounts and administration of the records of the Treasury Department of the State of Kentucky, Nat Sewell, State Examiner Nat B. Sewell said the outstanding indebtedness is so insignificant in comparison with the State's financial resources.

The report points out that interest-bearing State warrants, which were selling at an alarming discount a few months ago, now command a premium. The total outstanding bearing warrants has been reached," the report said, and from now on there would be a material reduction until the entire indebtedness of the State shall have been wiped out."

State Treasurer Elam Huddleston also called attention to the reduction of vehicles on the public roads. Garrard has decreased in a summary of those laws as digested by Mr. Wetzel:

1. All cars shall be equipped with mains were lamp which is not 50 feet, also two headlamps which shall be equipped with reflecting objects clearly 200 feet ahead.

2. It is unlawful for any person to operate a motor vehicle on the streets and highways upon which there are electric lamps burning in order.

3. No person shall operate a vehicle on the highways upon which there are electric lamps burning.

4. Every automobile shall be equipped with a horn or sound device being sufficiently loud under ordinary conditions to warn operators of such vehicle to pedestrians and other vehicles. Use of the horn or other sound horn unnecessarily.

5. Every operator of a motor vehicle shall operate such vehicle in a careful manner for the safety of the life and safety and convenience of the pedestrians.

6. Two vehicles passing or about to pass each other in opposite directions shall have the right of way and no other vehicles to the rear of such vehicle shall pass or attempt to pass such vehicle.

7. Expect where otherwise directed by a sign or by traffic officer, the operator of a vehicle shall yield the right of way to a vehicle approaching from the right unless such vehicle is farther from the point of intersection of their paths than the first mentioned vehicle.

8. Police, fire apparatus and ambulances in all cases shall have, the right of way.

9. In overtaking vehicles proceeding in the same direction, the operator shall sound horn and pass on the left side and shall not deprive the right until reasonably clear.

10. It is the duty of the operator of the vehicle about to be overtaken and passed to give way to the right and not increase the speed of the vehicle upon attitude and audible signal.

11. When turning to the right at an intersection, the vehicle shall keep to the right of center and in turning to the left shall keep to the left of center, but shall keep as far as possible to the right and still pass to the left of center.

12. Operators of a slow moving vehicle shall keep as far as possible to the right hand boundary line when vehicles moving at high rate of speed are approaching on the left.

13. Operators in approaching a curve or approaching by the view shall have car under full control and shall sound horn of his approach.

14. It shall be unlawful for any operator to leave standing on any part of the public highway for the purpose of repairing vehicle or discharging passengers.

15. Every person operating a vehicle on the highway before starting or stopping or changing the course shall first give proper arm signal—

16. The operator of a slow moving vehicle shall keep as far as possible to the right hand boundary line when vehicles moving at high rate of speed are approaching on the left.

17. It is the duty of any operator involved in an accident to stop and ascertain the extent of injury and damage and will possible aid and assist any persons injured to medical aid.

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